

Queene Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suff. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,
As leane facde Enuy in her loathsome caue,
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eies should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me thinkes my burthened heart would breake.
Should I not curse them: poison be their drinke,
Gall, worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste,
Their sweetest shade, a groue of sypris trees,
Their softest touch, as smart as lyzards stings,
Their musique frightfull, like the serpents hisse.
And boding scrike-owles make the consort full,
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Queene. Enough sweete Suffolke, thou tormentst thy self.

Suffolke You bade me ban, and will you bid me cease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where biting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Queene No more, swaete Suffolke, hie thee hence to France,
Or lue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall find thee out,
And long thou shalt not stay, but ile haue thee repeald,
Or venture to be banished my selfe,
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me:
Away, I say, that I may feele my grieve,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

Suff.

Suff. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times
Once by the King, but three times t

Enter Vawse

Queene How now, whither goes
Vawse. To signifie vnto his mai
That Cardinall Bewford is at point
Sometmes he raues and cries as he v
Sometmes he calls vpon Duke Hu
And whispers to his pillow as to hi
And sometime he calls to speake v
And I am going to certifie vnto his
That euen now he cald alowd for h

Queene Go then good Vawse,

Oh what is worldly pompe all mer
And woe am I for Bewfords heauy
But why mourne I for him, whilst t
Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to F
For if the King do come, thou sure

Suff. And if I go, I cannot liue
VVhat were it else, but like a pleas
In thy lap?

Here could I, could I, breathe my f
As milde and gentle as the new bor
That dies with mothers dug betwe
VVhere from thy sight I should b
And call for thee to close mine eies
Or with thy lips to stop my dying
That I might breath it so into thy
And then it liude in sweete Elyziat
By thee to die, were but to die in ie
From thee to die, were torment mo
O let me stay, befall what may befa

Queene Oh mightst thou stay
Then shouldst thou stay, but heau
And therefore go, but hope ere lo

Suff. I goe.